LOVE

AT

FIRST SIGHT.

VOL. II.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT:

OR THE

HISTORY

OF

Miſs Caroline Stanhope.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for T. JONES, at his Circulating-Library, in the Strand, oppoſite Hungerford-ſtreet.

MDCCLXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LOVE.

AT

FIRST SIGHT.

LETTER the Twenty-firſt.

Mrs. HOLDEN.

TO

Mrs. WEST.

NOW take the particulars of our ſcheme; a few days and it will be put in execution,

it is too well concerted to miſcarry—was there any fear of that, I being the chief contriver?—Sir Thomas, convinced of my abilities, left the whole plot to my management,—a friend of hers is to be married next Tueſday,—there is to be a violent buſtle on the occaſion, grand entertainment, and a ball in the evening.

I have known of this ſome days, and immediately conceived the deſign of getting her carried off from thence, when the ſaid ball was over—you ſee I do not mean to

deprive her of this amuſement! —how to accompliſh it, required a moment's reflection, and but a moment! —a handſome bribe has ſecured her ſervant, who has promiſed to put her into the chair I am to ſend for her, inſtead of that ſhe always employs, and to conduct her to Hyde Park corner, where a poſt chaiſe and four will be ready to receive her and your humble ſervant, which is the moſt agreeable manner to whiſk us away ſwift as lightening.

A little difficulty we expect in

getting her into the carriage, but what will her feeble reſiſtence avail, when oppoſed to my ſtout emiſſaries?—n othing.——All my ſcruples, if I ever had any, are removed by two reaſons, you will, I fancy, think abundantly weighty —poverty, and a deſire to ſave Sir Thomas's life, who ſwears he cannot live without her.

Ought I to doubt the word of a gentleman, and one ſo generous too,—no ſuch thing to be done—now ſuppoſe a diſappointment ſhould occaſion his death, ſhould

ſhould I not be acceſſary to it.—O moſt certainly, and my conſcience will not ſuffer me to act in ſo barbarous a manner. We ought, as far as in our power, to relieve the diſtreſs of our fellow creatures.

Sir Thomas aſſures me, he is diſtreſſed to the laſt degree, for want of this girl—*Ergo*—'tis my buſineſs to aſſiſt him,—happy for him, his kind ſtars threw me in his way—*but* for my genius, he might have ſighed and loved 'till doomſday, but Sir Harry would have

have been the happy man.—I have not only undertaken to put her into his poſſeſſion, but to complete the joke, have alſo undertaken to convince Sir Harry that his dulcinea was not quite the veſtal he fooliſhly believed her, and that ſhe went off voluntarily with his rival.

How can I do this, you aſk; —do I flatter myſelf the man will believe ſo glaring an improbability?—Yes I do, indeed.—Did Othello doubt Iago's intelligence, full as improbable?—Jealouſy, child, is the

the fineſt paſſion imaginable to work upon; and there is no perfect love, they ſay, without a daſh of this convenient foible. I ſhall try if my eloquence can blow it to a flame, that done, a breath of air will keep it alive.——'Tis not very material whether he believes it or not; if he does, our plan is the more complete—no fear of a perſuit in that caſe,—they will hardly think her worth the trouble.——Should he doubt my veracity, why he will have time enough to enjoy his doubts, while Sir Thomas enjoys the ſmiles of

his miſtreſs;——a few frowns he muſt firſt expect, but ſhe will tire of them, when ſhe finds no better may be.—Adieu;

I go now to manufacture my epiſtle to Sir Harry,——not in my own name you may ſuppoſe, to you however I may ſubſcribe myſelf.

ANN HOLDEN.

LET-

LETTER the twenty-ſecond.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I Am mad, diſtracted with rage and diſappointment——O how I could curſe that villain Sir Thomas——Kitty I have been tricked, made a dupe of.——I cannot

cannot bear the recollection,—— how ſhall I tell you the treatment I have met with; yet I muſt ſpeak, or burſt with vexation.——

They are gone, abſolutely gone, aided by my contrivance, and I am left behind in a ſituation a thouſand times worſe than when I firſt engaged in the villain's ſervice.——I am finely rewarded, am I not? for all my trouble and care. I was to have had five hundred pound the day we landed at Calais, and to live with them 'till I could better myſelf.——but they

are

are gone, and I am cheated;——all my fine hopes blaſted in the bud,——do not for your ſoul dare to think I am rightly ſerved for having any hand in ſuch a buſineſs.—Perhaps that tormenting thought has occurred to myſelf, but that is nothing to the purpoſe, conſcience will ſometimes be impertinent as well as you,—I will liſten to neither.——

The plan I had laid, ſucceeded but too well; away they carried her, I followed in another chair, not doubting but the wretch would

wait my coming; but to my utter confuſion, I met her chairmen returning,——" you are too late," cried one of them with a ſneer, " if " you want to ſpeak to the lady, " they are off full ſpeed.—though, " by what I can find, ſhe did not " wiſh to make quite ſo much haſte, " but you ſee what it is to be mar- " ried,—we *Men*," continued the impertinent fellow, " will be " obeyed. I ſuppoſe ſhe was one " of the Coterie ſett."

Thunderſtruck at my diſappointment, I had no power to interrupt him;

him; and finding I was not in a humour to anſwer, they went on, giving themſelves no farther trouble;—for my part, I knew not what to do——'twas then three o'clock in the morning;——I had nothing for it, but to return home again—and here I am, almoſt diſtracted.—the only chance I have for making any thing by the adventure is, to go and make a full confeſſion of all I know to her family.—They may perhaps pay me for the intelligence,—you may be ſhure I ſhall take care to favour myſelf as much as poſſible in the ſtory.—

Thus

Thus I ſhall in ſome meaſure be revenged on that vile fellow, whom I very ſincerely wiſh hanged as high as Hamon—perhaps you may ſee me ſooner that you expect, for London is grown too hot to hold me—

Yours,

ANN HOLDEN.

LET-

LETTER the Twenty-third.

Miſs SMITH,

TO

Miſs BROWN.

SING, O be joyful, my dear Jenny, the day is our own. I have the moſt delightful news to tell you, that ever you heard in your life.—I am in ſuch high ſpi-

rits,

rits, ſo immenſely happy, that I know not how to begin the joyous intelligence—ſuch an adventure, girl, ſuch ſweet revenge. So unhoped for——but attend, and I will endeavour to give you the particulars.——

Laſt Tueſday Miſs Granville was married to Lord Carey; but that I preſume you knew before, as I mentioned the invitation we had received to the ball, &c. in my laſt——I could not reſiſt the temptation, though I gueſſed Sir Harry would be there. It was in vain to

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe I could live in London and never meet him, unleſs I gave up ſociety intirely, and I found no great inclination to do this, as you may ſuppoſe. I determined then to put on an air of the moſt perfect indifference and unconcern.—I did ſo, and found myſelf much eaſier than I could have expected;—I have not patience to give you a tedious account of the entertainment, company, ball, and all that; you may eaſily ſuppoſe they were magnificent, as Mrs. Granville was directreſs—ſhe loves pomp and oſtentation, at her very heart. The wed-

ding

ding of her dear Caroline could not be celebrated with too much ſplendour,—the good folks were obliged to her for her ſentiments, for they certainly procured us a joyous day—well, my beautiful flirt of a couſin danced, as you may ſuppoſe, with her dear Sir Harry—O how I enjoy his preſent feelings,—how ſweet to the ſoul is dear revenge.——

I with a Captain Brooks, a ſmart young fellow, and ſeems to have a tolerable taſte in beauty—do you know child, he could not diſcover one tolerable feature in the face of my

my deareſt beloved couſin Caroline —true as you are alive, yet I muſt ſay ſhe had taken uncommon pains to ſhine, and looked better than ever I ſaw her in my life. But it would be hard indeed, if all men ſaw with Sir Harry's eyes——ſuppoſe the ball ended, and the buſtle of taking leave begun,—'twas an age before we all got to our chairs, at length, however, I was handed into mine by my red coat, and was preſently home; my mother came in a moment after, we rather wondered madam Caroline ſhould chuſe to be the laſt, but dear Sir Harry,

who

who could bid adieu to ſo ſweet a man.—Well child, we waited and waited 'till I was tired to death, but no Caroline—" this is vaſtly civil," ſaid I to mamma, " ſhe is to ſtay all " night, I ſuppoſe. I think ſhe " might have taken the trouble to " have told you ſo, but ſhe is above " all that—good night, I ſhall wait " no longer," " nor I," replied mamma, " ſhe is amongſt her friends, " ſo let her do as ſhe thinks pro- " per,"—away we marched to bed. Next day comes a card from the new made lady, deſiring Caroline's company to dinner—'twas only a

card,

card, of courſe we read it. "Hey "day," cried I, "why what the "duce can this mean, are we to "look upon it as a piece of wed-"ding wit, or what." I took pen and ink, and immediately wrote a line to inform her ladyſhip we left her friend with her the night before, and had not had the pleaſure of ſeeing her ſince.—In a few hours we were all in the fineſt hubbub imaginable, my lord, my lady, Sir Harry, and half a hundred more, came puffing and blowing, fainting, and dying with ten thouſand apprehenſions, all in a breath intreating

treating us to tell them what was become of their dear Miſs Stanhope. We could only repeat what we had wrote before—'tis not in words child, to deſcribe the ſcene that followed; for my part, I endeavoured to ſqueeze out a tear, like the other females, but all in vain, my heart was too happy; I made ſhift however to look a little demure, and they were too deeply engaged to diſcover my inſincerity—after an age of gueſſing firſt one ridiculous thing, then another, to no manner of purpoſe, the aſſembly broke up, and it was agreed on all hands,

that

that every poſſible means was to be uſed to recover the dear lamented girl; that is to ſay, in caſe ſhe did not return without giving us ſo much trouble, which we ſtill endeavoured to hope ſhe would—but no ſuch thing, that day and the next day paſſed, yet no Caroline.—I now congratulated myſelf in earneſt, convinced, chance had done more for me, than either you or I could have done with all our ingenuity.—On the third, which was yeſterday, I was informed Mrs. Holden my miliner wanted to ſpeak to either mamma or me—mamma was

out

out—"ſhow her up," ſaid I, "to "my dreſſing room"—I followed, and there Jenny was led into ſuch a hiſtory——my hand is already cramped with writing, yet as the ſubject is animating, I will endeavour to finiſh.—

Well, to make as ſhort of the matter as poſſible, know that the virtuous Mrs. Holden, after weeping, (or rather attempting, as I had done before her) wringing her clumſey hands, and having ſettled the price of the ſecret ſhe was going to ſell me, confeſſed that ſhe had

aſſiſted

aſſiſted Sir Thomas Boynton to carry off Miſs Stanhope, that he had ſeduced her by his large promiſes, not one of which he had kept—if he had, I preſume madam would not have been ſeized with this fit of remorſe—that he was gone with her to Paris, where he intended to remain, till Miſs was reconciled to her ſituation—" but this is not " all madam, there is another " thing for which I ſhall never for- " give myſelf—I was prevailed up- " on to write a letter to Sir Harry, " informing him that Miſs Stan- " hope was gone off with Sir Tho-

" mas,

" mas, by her own deſire, and that
" ſhe had had an intrigue with him
" before ſhe came to London,
" with a thouſand other falſe and
" ſcandalous ſtories, which I am
" aſhamed to repeat. This letter I
" gave to a friend, who was to get it
" delivered into his own hands; my
" only hope is, that he may not yet
" have found an opportunity, in
" which caſe I will endeavour to get
" it back again."

This Jenny, is the ſubſtance of the wretch's confeſſion, for a wretch ſhe is, notwithſtanding her affected

affected penitence—I eaſily prevailed upon her to think no more of the letter, aſſuring her I would take upon me to make that matter clear, not only to Sir Harry, but to all her friends; gave her ten guineas, with a promiſe of twenty more as ſoon as I had acquainted mamma with what ſhe had told me, on condition ſhe would leave the whole affair to my management, nor mention it to any living ſoul.—This you may believe ſhe agreed to without much intreaty, as the ſtory was not greatly to her credit; but ſhe wiſhed much I would make the twenty guineas

guineas fifty—pleaded poverty, and the intereſting diſcovery ſhe had voluntarily made—I here told her I would conſider of it, and having again enjoined her ſilence, leſt my couſins reputation might ſuffer by making the affair too public—I diſmiſſed her——now Jenny, don't you think my kind ſtars have nobly revenged my cauſe? Is ſhe not finely tricked of her dear Sir Harry? ſhe thought herſelf ſure of him, I make no doubt; and 'tis poſſible, nay, they ſay he was actually going to marry her, though ſhe has not ſo many pence as I have pounds—

What

What a puppy!—Do you want to know how I proceed in the important matter,—why thus—ſo far from clearing up her character to her Strephon, I intend to uſe all my honeſt endeavours to confirm his ſuſpicions, in caſe he has got the letter, and pays any regard to the contents, which by the way, I rather doubt, as 'tis certain they are a little bordering upon the improbable.——

However, if he has a daſh of jealouſy in him, it may give him a pang or two, that is better than nothing

nothing.—Now, as to their being gone to Paris, that ſecret I am ſo fond of, that I ſhall lock it up in my own breaſt, and inform them he has conveyed her to ſome of his houſes in the country, *which* I could not learn.

Thus you ſee, they may hunt for the damſel 'till their hearts ach, and be but little the better—the change of air indeed and exerciſe, may be of ſervice to her perſuers, and will alſo be a pretty amuſement, as ſummer is approaching.——Am I not a kind crea-

creature, Jenny? thus to ſtudy the ſatisfaction of my friends.——I did not, you may believe, truſt even my lady mother with the true ſtate of the caſe, though I believe ſhe would applaud my deſign.—But I put it out of the old gentlewoman's power to betray me, by keeping my own ſecret——I have told her as much as I thought proper for my purpoſe, and ſhe is now gone open mouthed to Lady Carey's to give them the particulars of the ſtory,—by this time, I ſuppoſe half the fellows in town are ſet off, whip and ſpur,

in ſearch of her,——I wiſh them a good ride, and am dear Jane, yours in tip top ſpirits,

C. SMITH.

LET-

LETTER the Twenty-fourth.

From Lady CAREY

TO

Miſs CONWAY.

Dear Madam,

KNOWING your ſincere attachment to my amiable friend Miſs Stanhope, and that whatever relates to her will be to you extremely

tremely intereſting, I have taken upon myſelf the painful taſk to inform you of an affair which has thrown all her friends into the utmoſt diſtreſs 'tis poſſible, my dear Miſs Conway, may already have heard the ſhocking ſtory, ſince news of this kind flies but too faſt,——yet leſt you ſhould not, and conſequently be alarmed at your friends ſilence, I have taken my pen in order to relieve your anxiety on *that* account; but muſt, I fear, while I remove any apprehenſions you may at preſent entertain, give birth to a thou-

ſand

ſand others of a more diſtreſſing nature,—for 'tis impoſſible you could form an idea of the truth—knowing the tenderneſs and amiable ſenſibility of your nature, I really feel the utmoſt reluctance to proceed. ——Yet, as ſuſpence is ſometimes more painful than to know the the worſt, I will, whatever pain it may coſt me, endeavour to give you the particulars.——

Laſt Tueſday.——Ah! my dear Miſs Conway, why was that day, (for on it I gave my hand to the moſt amiable of men,) marked

with ſo unfortunate an event.—My Caroline, with many other of my friends, honoured me with their company on the occaſion.—We had an agreeable ball,——ſhe as uſuall, was infinitely the fineſt figure there; danced with Sir Harry Grey, whoſe attachment to the dear girl, you are, no doubt, as well acquainted with as I am.—Never did I behold a more graceful pair.——Every creature in the room declared they were formed for each other.——Alas! what a change in our agreeable, our flattering proſpects, has a few days produced.

You

You know the perſecution ſhe has long ſuffered from Sir Thomas Boynton, and that he followed her to town—ſhe again begged he would deſiſt—In fine, for ſome time paſt, though the acquaintance was not wholly dropped, yet he gave her ſo little trouble, that we all concluded he had conquered the violence of his paſſion, and that ſome new beauty would ſoon complete the cure.——Alas! how were we deceived—he had, we now find, been all this time contriving means to carry her off by force, finding her ſo determined to reject every offer

he could make.—There was no time to loſe, Sir Harry Grey, it was publicly known, paid his addreſſes, nor was the juſt preference ſhe gave him a ſecret—it ought not, ſince it certainly does honour to her diſcernment.

He took the opportunity of her being late at my houſe that day, knowing, I preſume, there would be ſome degree of croud and buſtle, to get her by his vile contrivance, put into a wrong chair, one appointed by him to receive her, in which ſhe was conveyed to his carriage.

All

All theſe ſhocking particulars we have learned from a creature who was employed on this occaſion, and who being diſappointed of the reward ſhe expected, went to Lady Stanhope, and revealed the whole affair, as I have told it you; unfortunately ſhe could not exactly inform us to what place he had carried our lovely friend, but fancies 'tis to one of his country houſes.—Should this conjecture be right, it will not be long before the dear creature is reſtored to her friends,——Another circumſtance I had almoſt forgot to mention, indeed

deed it is hardly worth the trouble, as it is of too inſignificant a nature to anſwer the vile purpoſe which the wicked author intended.

——Sir Harry a day or two after ſhe was gone, received an anonymous letter which contained a thouſand ſcandalous falſhoods, tending to blacken Miſs Stanhope's character; in order, I preſume, to prevent his reſenting the injury, ſhould Sir Thomas and him ever meet, or perhaps from mere malice, but whatever they might expect from the infamous ſcrawl, they are exceedingly diſappointed. Sir Harry

Harry is a man of too much ſenſe to be ſo eaſily deceived, and is too well acquainted with our Caroline's worth, ever to change thoſe ſentiments he now entertains for her.

I cannot, my dear Miſs Conway, pretend to deſcribe his diſtreſs, when informed of our loſs—'tis not in the power of words, but 'tis a ſcene ſo deeply impreſſed upon my memory, that no time, I am perſuaded, will ever be able to eraſe it.—Surely the wretch can mean nothing but to prevail upon her to marry

marry him. I cannot think he would dare to——ah! I ſhudder at the horrid idea——'tis impoſſible, at leaſt I muſt endeavour to perſuade myſelf it is, or I ſhould be diſtracted with my fears. Sir Harry, accompanied by a friend of his, after gaining all the information he could here in town, ſet off in ſearch of his beloved Caroline, and with full purpoſe to chaſtize, with the utmoſt ſeverity, the vile Sir Thomas, ſhould he be ſo fortunate as to diſcover his retreat.—I cannot blame him—'tis what the wretch certainly deſerves, yet I moſt

moſt ſincerely wiſh it was poſſible to recover our friend without their meeting, as I dread to think what may be the fatal conſequence,—for ſhould they fight, which moſt aſſuredly they will, the juſtice of Sir Harry's cauſe cannot inſure him the victory.——But why, my dear Miſs Conway ſhould I thus diſtreſs you, as well as myſelf, by theſe horrid, theſe painful reflections—let us rather endeavour to hope ſhe may be reſtored to us without any of thoſe misfortunes, we have, 'tis true, but too much cauſe to apprehend.—Heaven grant this may ſoon be the

caſe—

caſe—I need not, I am perſuaded, intreat you to join with me in this petition. Believe me yours moſt ſincerely,

C. CAREY.

P. S. You may perhaps be ſurprized I have made ſo little mention of Lady Stanhope and her daughter in this long letter—to tell you the truth, my dear Miſs Conway, their grief on this occaſion does not appear to me quite ſo great as might have been expected.

LET-

LETTER the Twenty.

Miſs STANHOPE

TO

Lady CAREY.

THANK heaven, I am once more at liberty to write to my beloved friend.—Ah! my dear lady Carey, what pen or language can deſcribe the horrid ſcene in which

which I have been engaged, ſince laſt we parted——I have a moſt extraordinary adventure to relate, for ſo I may but too juſtly call it, but am at preſent ſo exceedingly ill, owing to the various emotions with which I have been agitated, that I fear it will not be in my power at this time to ſend you all the particulars; you may however depend upon them next poſt, and in the mean time let me remove ſome part of the anxiety I know your gentle heart would ſuffer on my account, by aſſuring you, I hope e'er long, to embrace my amiable friend, and

her

her no leſs amiable lord—May I not alſo include the engaging Sir Harry. —Ah Lady Carey, my heart dies within me, when I conſider that there is a poſſibility he may think me leſs worthy his eſteem, after this fatal adventure, than I was before—yet I will not injure him, by ſuppoſing him ſo unjuſt—for am I to blame Caroline? Alas, who can ſay they are ſecure from ſuch inſults, while there are men baſe enough to look upon achievments of this nature, as the greateſt proof they can give of their ſuperior ſpirit—Ought not theſe wretches to be

ſhuned by every creature?—yet are they ſhunned my dear Caroline? no—I have ſeen enough of the world to know they meet with but too many, who not only applaud their conduct, but perhaps envy them the glory of ſuch heroic deeds.—I truſt, however, there are many of a different character; ſome there are, you and I my dear friend know, by happy experience.——Can you conceive what were my feelings, when, after taking leave of you laſt Tueſday, I found my chairmen, inſtead of carrying me home, were going quite a different way—'tis impoſſible you

ſhould—

ſhould—yet dreadful as my apprehenſions were, I was far, very far from gueſſing the truth; I conceived they were conveying me to ſome retired ſtreet, in order to rob me. This was my idea, and bad enough,——I ſcreamed with all my force for John—I had ſeen him in waiting when they took me up, but all my cries were in vain—no ſervant appeared—he was gone—perhaps had miſſed me in the croud—perhaps was bribed to betray me—heaven knows—the latter is but too probable.——In a few moments the chair ſtopped, they open-

ed it, and inſtantly, in ſpite of all the reſiſtance I could make—for what alas was my ſtrength to theirs —I found myſelf forced into a carriage, which immediately drove off, ſwift as lightning.—My exceſſive terror threw me into a ſwoon,—how long I continued in that happy inſenſibility, I know not, but it muſt have been a conſiderable time, ſince I found when I recovered, it was almoſt day light——but good heaven, how was I aſtoniſhed, when opening my eyes, I beheld the hateful Sir Thomas Boynton, who held me in his deteſted arms; and was

endeavouring

endeavouring by a thouſand unmeaning apologies, to juſtify his baſe ungenerous conduct.—It was ſome moments before I could ſo far recover my ſpirits, as to be able to interrupt his ridiculous harangue; nor could I immediately determine in what manner to behave to the wretch—my terrors were inexpreſſible,—for I was fully perſuaded a creature baſe enough to engage in ſuch an enterprize, would not eaſily be prevailed upon to give it up. I conſidered however, that to appear intimidated, would in all probability render him more dare-

ing. I reſolved therefore to aſſume an air of courage and unconcern, to which you may believe I was an utter ſtranger.—He continued his apologies, and I believe begun to flatter himſelf they were accepted, as I had hitherto ſaid nothing to the contrary, and therefore imagined he might now, without fearing a repulſe, take my hand, which he immediately did, and with an air of freedom, that ſhocked me beyond expreſſion, preſſed it to his horrid lips.—This behaviour had very near put all my courage to flight—I trembled from head to

foot,

foot, and was terrified leſt I ſhould relapſe into a ſwoon—thank heaven I did not, for obſerving me change colour, he had the humanity to let down the glaſs, that I might have a little air—this was of infinite ſervice to me—I grew better, and as ſoon as I could ſpeak, ſaid with all the eaſe I could aſſume, "pray Sir "Thomas, may I preſume to aſk "what may be your motive for "taking this extraordinary ſtep, "or what can you poſſibly hope "from a frolic of this nature.— "I had no idea of your being ſo "deeply read in romance, as that

" you would turn knight errant ;
" but I find you have ſtudied them
" to no ſmall purpoſe, and it muſt
" be confeſſed, make a moſt
" ſtriking figure in your new cha-
" racter—but you ſeem to have
" forgot that the heroes, whoſe
" noble example you no doubt
" meant to follow, never injured
" innocence ; on the contrary, it
" was the buſineſs of their lives to
" preſerve it from inſults and diſ-
" treſs—you, Sir, have exceedingly
" miſunderſtood the nature of their
" profeſſion—had I indeed been
" confined in ſome impregnable
" tower,

" tower, or ſhut up in ſome en-
" chanted caſtle, I ſhould have
" been a fit object to excite this
" valour—but to ſteal me in this
" mean, ungenerous, cowardly
" manner, from the boſom of my
" friends, where I was as happy
" as this world could make me—
" was this an action worthy a man
" of honour?"——He bit his lips, and looked as if uncertain whether he ought to laugh or cry—'twas plain my ſatirical ſpeech had not greatly delighted him, and no leſs ſo, that it had put him a good deal out of his leſſon; for the ſtock of

fine ſpeeches he had laid in, were not in any degree calculated to anſwer thoſe I ſeemed inclined to make.——At laſt, however, after a pauſe of a few minutes, "how "am I charmed," cried he, again attempting to ſeize my hand, "to "find my lovely Miſs Stanhope in "ſuch lively ſpirits; how enchant-"ing is that wit, that delightful "vivacity—was it in nature, my "angel, I ſhould ſuffer ſo invalu-"able a treaſure, to be poſſeſſed by "another, while there remained a "poſſibility of my gaining it for "myſelf.—No my adored Caro-

"line

" line (quite familiar you ſee) no,
" in ſpite of your cruelty and mor-
" tifying indifference, I love—love
" to diſtraction, nor will I tamely
" ſuffer any man on earth to be-
" come maſter of this bewitching
" hand, which now, thank my
" proſperous ſtars, is mine; nor
" ſhall all the powers on earth
" wreſt it from me."

" Why really Sir Thomas," replied I, with a ſcornful air, " you
" have proved yourſelf a man of
" valour, ſome difference is there-
" fore to be paid your formidable

" reſolutions, but would it not be
" prudent by way of making the
" thing eaſy, to gain my conſent—
" for let me tell you, without this
" trifling acquiſition, I cannot
" perſuade myſelf you will find it
" quite ſo eaſy as you ſeem at pre-
" ſent to imagine.——

" That I flatter myſelf I ſhall
" do" replied he, " by my unre-
" mitted endeavours to pleaſe my
" charmer, to which delightful
" ſtudy, I, from this moment de-
" dicate every hour of my life,
" pardon the means I have been
" obliged

" obliged to make uſe of to obtain " this bleſſing," continued the wretch, preſſing my hand to his lips, " it is not, perhaps, in every " reſpect to be juſtified—but love, " love like mine, my adored Caro- " line— what crime will it not " attone?—Tell me you forgive " me, and by generous condeſcen- " ſion, compleat my felicity—ſince " this alone is wanting, to render " me the happieſt of mankind."— " And ever muſt be wanting," cried I, with a look of the utmoſt con- tempt, " unleſs you will inſtantly " allow me to return to my friends;

" on that condition I will endea-
" vour to forget this treatment—
" be aſſured Sir Thomas it is the
" wiſeſt thing you can do, for 'tis
" ridiculous for you to flatter your-
" ſelf with the hopes of detaining
" me long, ſince you are not ſo ig-
" norant of my connections, as to
" imagine they will ſuffer that—
" neither can you ſuppoſe they will
" let this inſult go unpuniſhed—
" be adviſed then—order your car-
" riage to return with me to town,
" and I give you my honour I will
" freely pardon what is paſt."

In

In ſhort, my dear Lady Carey, neither my ſatire, nor ſober advice, had any effect upon him—for while this and much more paſſed between us, to no purpoſe, we drove on at a moſt furious rate, nor once ſtopped, except to change horſes, which was done ſo expeditiouſly, and he took ſuch care to keep all the blinds up, that I found it impoſſible to profit by that circumſtance.—He had taken care to bring wine, &c. &c. to prevent being obliged to dine on the road—theſe he frequently intreated me to taſte, but I was in no humour to obey him, for I concluded

cluded he would either finiſh his journey that day, or reſt at an inn at night, and therefore determined to wait 'till we reached the one or the other, where I was no leſs determined to attempt my eſcape—as I had foreſeen, ſo it happened,—a little after dark we drove into a large court-yard, which I found belonged to an inn—I ſuffered him to lead me in without reſiſtance, perſuaded, if I was ſo fortunate as to ſucceed in my deſign, it muſt be by ſtratagem, that I was ſenſible muſt fall me.——Whether I was ſo happy as to effect my deliverance,

verance, your Ladyſhip ſhall know in my next; at preſent I am not able to finiſh my narrative.—In the mean time, be aſſured, I am as happy as it is poſſible for me to be, while ſeparated from you and a very few other friends.——I write by this poſt to my aunt.——Believe me unalterably your's

C STANHOPE.

LET-

LETTER the Twenty-ſixth.

From the ſame to the ſame.

PERFECTLY reſtored to health and ſpirits, I take up my pen, in order to fulfil my promiſe to my amiable friend—and that I may as ſoon as poſſible, gratify

tify your curioſity, I will immediately proceed to the ſequel of my adventures, leaving matters of leſs importance till my next—but where the duce are you?—I think I hear you, cry Why, if at liberty, do you not immediately return to thoſe friends, for whom you pretend to have ſo much eſteem.

I know theſe are my Caroline's reflections, and 'tis certain they are natural,—but have patience my dear friend, whom I do moſt unfeignedly eſteem and love.——I will not ſuffer you to entertain a doubt

a doubt of that, read on then with patience, and depend upon it I will clear myſelf from every charge you have againſt me.

I think I finiſhed my laſt letter by telling you I was conducted into the inn.—I now found myſelf ſo extremely faint, that I was obliged to aſk for ſome water,—they gave me a glaſs with ſome hartſhorn in it, this I believe ſaved me from fainting.—Supper was inſtantly ſerved; he preſſed me to ſit down.—What could I do? I was not heroine enough to live

live on air,—I obeyed, though with infinite reluctance——you will eaſily gueſs, my dear Carroline, that he made uſe of all his rhetoric, in hopes to prevail on me to be reconciled to my fate, which he had the folly to believe irreverſible, but 'twas all loſt upon me. I ſuffered him to talk on as much as he thought proper, while I ſtayed, which was not long. I very ſoon deſired I might be ſhown to my apartment——in vain he implored me to bleſs him with my company, if but for one ſhort hour,—no—half an hour,—five minutes.—

Fin-

Finding me obſtinate, he took my hand, and with looks that made me ſhudder, ſwore I ſhould not leave him till I had declared him forgiven, and promiſed to meet him in the morning with ſmiles—how the wretch had the inſolence to expect all this, is to me aſtoniſhing,——yet he had the temerity to perſevere in his requeſt, nor would he ſuffer me to withdraw my hand, which he every moment preſſed to his lips, with a fredom in his manner, that alarmed me beyond meaſure.——I was obliged to diſemble, dreading leſt

leſt I ſhould exaſperate him, and thereby make him forget the ſmall degree of reſpect he had 'till then retained.

I at length prevailed, he rung the bell,——a maid ſervant appeared.—I followed her, trembling ſo exceedingly, that it was not without the utmoſt difficulty I could walk up ſtairs,—I had juſt got to the top, when hearing a door open I turned my head;—but gueſs my aſtoniſhment, my exceſſive joy, when I beheld my brother.—— It was too much.——I ran,——

and

and I flew to him,——" Save me, " O ſave me" cried I, ſcarce knowing what I ſaid, " protect me, my " beloved Charles from that wretch "Sir Thomas." I could ſay no more my ſenſes were over powered—I fainted in his arms.—Happily for me, this prevented my being a witneſs to the horrid ſcene which immediately followed.

When I recovered, I found myſelf laid on a bed, my brother ſitting by me, with looks that too plainly declared he had been violently agitated. " Thank God," cried

cried he, tenderly claſping me in his arms, "my Caroline lives, and "I have revenged her wrongs."— "What do you mean my dear "Charles," replied I, looking wildly round the room—"what "have you done! your words, "your emotions, terrify me to "death."——"Be compoſed," ſaid he, "do not thus alarm your- "ſelf—I have done no more than "every man of honour would have "done in the ſame caſe—you have "nothing further to apprehend "from that ſcoundrel—I fancy it

"will

" will be ſometime before he en-
" gages in another adventure."

" O heaveans, my dear Charles," cried I in terror, " ſurely you have " not killed the wretch, for your " own ſake I cannot bear the hor- " rid idea."——

" Not quite," replied he, with the utmoſt compoſure, " I have " left that for ſome other—be eaſy " therefore, and as a proof that you " are ſo, I deſire you will expreſs " ſome degree of ſurprize at your " good fortune, in meeting me " here—

" here—has your fright wholly de-
" prived you of all curioſity."

" Ah, my dear Charles, is it
" poſſible I ſhould think of any
" thing but your ſafety—I trem-
" ble at the idea of what may be
" the conſequence of this ſhocking
" affair."

" The world," cried he, inter-
rupting me with ſpirit, " will then
" be rid of a villain—ſo now my
" good ſiſter, let us drop the ſub-
" ject, as I have one to entertain
" you with, infinitely more inte-

" reſting to me, and will, I hope,
" be no leſs ſo to you, when you
" are acquainted with it—this ex-
" traordinary excurſion of yours, I
" can eaſily comprehend, yet when
" you are let into the ſecret of my
" adventures, I will indulge you
" by liſtening to all the particulars
" of it—have you any curioſity?—
" ſay the word—if not, I am
" dumb."

I was aſtoniſhed to ſee him ſo ſoon recover his vivacity, after what had happened, little dreaming what was the cauſe of his high ſpirits.

ſpirits. —— "Nobody can have "more," replied I, "and there- "fore beg you will immediately "gratify it, if you are abſolutely "certain you are in no danger from "this ſhocking renconter."—— "None in the world, ſo now pre- "pare to attend with becoming "wonderment."

"Know then, Caroline, that "this very houſe, at this very mo- "ment, contains all the treaſure I "hold dear on earth,"—"meaning "me, Charles," cried I ſmiling— "why this is the moſt flaming

" ſpeech for a brother that I re-
" member to have heard."—" What
" ſay you to Miſs Danby," replied
he, " and a trip to Scotland, fact,
" upon honour, and we are thus
" far on our road"—" you amaze me.
" Is ſhe actually here?" ſaid I,
much ſurprized and delighted to
ſee him ſo happy.——" I truſt ſo,"
replied he, " I left her in her apart-
" ment when I met you on the
" ſtairs, and will now, with your
" permiſſion, go and bring her here,
" that I may introduce her to her
" ſiſter, who will, I hope, not on-
" ly accompany us in our journey,
" but

" but for the future be one of our
" family.—Under my protection,
" Caroline, you will no lon-
" ger be ſubject to ſuch inſults as
" this you have now met with,"

" Ought I not rather to wait
" upon her," ſaid I—" not at all
" my dear, we are not at preſent
" in a ſituation to be ceremonious,
" beſides, my adorable Charlotte
" is above all that.—Prepare to
" love her, for my ſake—yet that
" requeſt is needleſs."

Away he flew,——I was, you may believe, extremely impatient for his return, that I might ſee the object of his affections— nor had I the ſmalleſt doubt of finding her worthy of mine,—and was therefore ready to receive her with the utmoſt cordiality and eſteem.—But judge what were my feelings when a few moments after he left me, I heard a violent buſtle below, his voice extremely agitated, I heard plainly, though I could not diſtinguiſh the ſubject of the diſpute.

Sir

Sir Thomas immediately occured to my terrified imagination, a thouſand terrors ſeized me,—hardly knowing what I did, I inſtantly ran down ſtairs in ſearch of my dear Charles,——he was almoſt frantic with rage, nor was it without the utmoſt difficulty I could prevail upon him to pay any attention to the thouſand queſtions I repeatedly aſked him.

At length however, I learnt to my unſpeakable ſurpriſe and ſorrow, fearing with too much juſtice ſome new misfortune would fol-

low, that Miſs Danby was gone.—no ſooner did her family diſcover her elopement, than gueſſing, 'tis imagined, the road ſhe had taken, as well as who was the companion of her flight, they inſtantly ſent in perſuit of the fugitives.——

Some of her friends went one way, ſome another, Mr. Compton however, (her deſtined huſband) happened to chuſe the right,——he put up at the ſame inn, juſt at the moment of my brother's meeting Sir Thomas,—ſaw his ſervant, aſked no queſtions of him, but

but went in without being obſerved by either the ſervant or his maſter;—he ſoon found means to be ſhewn to Miſs Danby's room; who, on ſeeing him enter, gave a ſcream and fainted,——he had no time to looſe, but taking her in his arms, carried her in that lifeleſs condition into his chaiſe, and inſtantly drove off without meeting with the ſmalleſt interuption, ——every one's attention being engaged about the wounded Sir Thomas.

All this we learned from the chamber maid, who attempted to make ſome ridiculous apologies, but who, it is plain, had been bribed to ſilence.—

While my brother gave me this account, which was a thouſand times interrupted by his repeatedly calling for his horſes, his ſervant came to tell him they were ready, "take care of yourſelf, my dear Caroline," ſaid he, "till my return, nor be under the "leaſt apprehenſion on my account, "——depend upon it, I will be "with

" with you again in a few hours,
" accompanied by my Charlotte,
" whom I will reſcue from that
" villain, at the hazard of my life."
———ſaying this he mounted his horſe, and followed by a couple of ſervants only, left me more dead than alive.

Such a train of unfortunate accidents had almoſt diſtracted me; and this laſt appeared the moſt dreadful of any we had yet met with —I had no doubt of his overtaking her,——what then had I not to fear? ——'tis impoſſible to form

an idea of my diſtreſs, when thus left alone.—Suſpence, even in trifles is painful,—think then what I muſt have ſuffered from mine,—no words can expreſs it, nor imagination conceive the horror of my ſituation during his abſence.—— I every moment expected to ſee him brought in bleeding, covered with wounds, I had not the ſmalleſt hopes of ever ſeeing him again alive.—You muſt allow, my dear Caroline, I had but too much reaſon for my fears,—they grew at length ſo dreadful, that I fainted while the people were endeavouring

vouring to convey me to my apartment, their care and tenderneſs for they really expreſſed more than I could have expected, in a few moment's brought me again to life, and to a ſenſe of my miſery.—

In vain I endeavoured to hope he would return in ſafety.—Nothing but death, in its moſt horrid form, appeared to my imagination,——it was now almoſt day light, yet, no brother.——I begun to find myſelf extremely ill, and on the point to relapſe into another ſwoon, when I heard his well known voice,

voice, I attempted to fly to meet him, but in vain.—I had not ſtrength to move from my ſeat; in a moment, however, he entered,—and, ſhocked beyond meaſure, at the condition in which he found me, embraced me with infinite tenderneſs, begging I would lay aſide all my fears, declaring he was perfectly ſafe, and reſtored to happineſs, by being once more in poſſeſſion of his amiable Charlotte,—"be compoſed then my love" continued he in the ſoothing and endearing manner, "let me "intreat you to forget all that's "paſt,

" paſt, and prepare to ſee my " charmer,—ſhe alſo wants conſola- " tion, having been exceedingly a- " larmed.—Come then my dear Ca- " roline, let me lead you to her? " that my two ſweet girls may " conſole each other"——He took my hand, it was with the utmoſt difficulty I could walk, as I ſtill trembled with a thouſand appre- henſions, though he uſed all his endeavours to diſſipate my fears. —He led me to the room, where he had depoſited his treaſure.—— She aroſe when I entered,—a ſweet timid bluſh overſpread the love-

lieſt

lieſt face I ever beheld.—"My "Charlotte" ſaid he as we approached. "give me leave to "introduce to you my ſiſter, the "friend of my heart,—ſhe already "loves you for the ſake of your "Charles; but will ſoon adore you "for your own", he then with an engaging manner, peculiar to himſelf, took both our hands between his, and with fervour preſſed them to his lips, declaring he thought himſelf at that moment the happieſt of his ſex, bleſſed as he was, with the friendſhip and affection of two of the lovelieſt women in the world,—

"Ah!

"Ah! my dear Madam" ſaid Miſs Danby, when he had ſeated us, "I tremble, leſt the ſtep I "have taken ſhould prevent your "honouring me with that ſhare of "your eſteem, without which I find "my felicity, great as it is at "preſent," caſting a timid glance at Charles, "will not be complete, "but indeed my dear Miſs Stan- "hope, ſituated as I unhappily was, "I muſt either have agreed to "that, or have reſigned all my "flattering hopes of becoming your "ſiſter."—

A pretty

A pretty turn that, was it not Lady Carey? poor Charles you ſee was out of the queſtion——I ſaid a thouſand obliging things, in order to reconcile the dear girl to herſelf; for I found, with much pleaſure, ſhe did not think the ſaid ſtep, though ſo faſhionable, quite juſtifiable, nor conſiſtent with a delicate mind.—I was ſo happy as to ſucceed; we very ſoon loſt all reſerve, and I found, after converſing with her a while, that Charles was not likely to be miſtaken.—it was impoſſible not to love her—her manner ſo gentle, ſo extremely inſinuating,

ſinuating, ſhe ſtole into my heart before I was aware —No wonder Charles adores her as he does—ſhe is juſt the kind of being to be made a pet of; delicate in perſon, even to exceſs, and ſomething in every thing ſhe does, ſo exceedingly feminine, ſo very attracting, that the very idea of not loving her, muſt appear the height of cruelty.

I know not what kind of picture you will form of her, Caroline, from what I have ſaid, but 'tis no matter, whether juſt or not, as it will not be very very long before

fore you ſee the ſweet original,—however, to aſſiſt you as far as I can, let me tell you, ſhe is of the middle ſize, formed moſt elegantly, a complexion that would put lilly's and roſes out of countenance, light blue eyes, long dark eye laſhes, an immenſe quantity of fine light hair, which ſhe full well knows how to diſpoſe of to the beſt advantage.—

In fine, my dear Caroline, I am for once put quite out of conceit with my form—I am too tall, too ſprightly; my vivacity, my graceful

ful air and manner, which, for want of taſte, ſome good folks have praiſed, appear to me now quite maſculine, quite robuſt.—I ſhall not, I fear, be reconciled to my figure, though to ſay truth, it has made ſome little buſtle even here, 'till I am aſſured by Sir Harry, that he ſtill thinks me tolerable.—

But to proceed with my adventures.—After a thouſand courteſeys had paſſed on all ſides, and my new friend and I had vowed an everlaſting attachment, I deſired Charles to inform me by what means

he

he had been ſo happy as to recover his miſtreſs.

" Ah my dear Miſs Stanhope," cried the lovely girl, " I am ſhock-
" ed beyond expreſſion, when I
" recollect that horrid ſcene, and
" the eminent danger your amiable
" brother was brought into
" on my account.—O my God!
" what will my dear, yet cruel
" mother ſay, when informed of
" what has happened.—Why, alas,
" would ſhe unkindly drive me to
" ſuch extremity?"

While

While uttering theſe words in the ſweeteſt accents imaginable, the tears ran ſilently down her lovely cheek.—I endeavoured to ſooth and conſole her by every means in my power, but her dear Charles was more ſucceſsful.—When ſhe was a little more compoſed, he gave me the following account.

"I need not attempt," ſaid he, "to give you an idea of my emo-"tions, when I bid you adieu—"that is utterly impoſſible—gueſ-"ſing the road they would take "with my Charlotte, I rode as

"faſt

" faſt as my horſe would carry me,
" not doubting but I ſhould over-
" take the carriage before it could
" get many miles. I had juſt
" entered *** foreſt, when I
" thought I heard the report of a
" piſtol—I followed the ſound,
" and ſoon came in ſight of a chaiſe,
" which was ſtopped by two
" highwaymen; my approach was
" ſo ſudden, and they were ſo in-
" tent on their buſineſs, that they
" did not perceive me till I was
" cloſe up to them.—I found by
" ſome words they dropped, they
" had wounded a gentleman in the
" carriage,

" carriage, and were at that mo-
" ment ſearching for booty—for-
" tunately for me I had piſtols—I
" inſtantly fired at the fellows, one
" of them fell from his horſe—the
" other ſeeing the fate of his com-
" panion, turned about, and with-
" out farther ceremony, rode off
" full ſpeed, nor once turned back
" to ſee if he was able to follow.—
" This, however, was not the caſe,
" for he died upon the ſpot."

" Ah! my dear Charles," cried I, interrupting him, " how am I " ſhocked to think of your having

" taken the wretches life."—" So
" am I Caroline," replied he, " yet
" I have thereby ſaved him from a
" more ignominious death—by the
" law he muſt have died. I would
" rather ſuch an accident had not
" happened, but I have nothing to
" reproach myſelf with on that ac-
" count—the ſervants, to their
" ſhame, ſtood at a diſtance, trem-
" bling and quaking for fear—I do
" not mean mine, but thoſe be-
" longing to the gentleman."

" Seeing I had diſpatched their
" enemies, they approached, but
" judge

" judge what was my aſtoniſhment
" to find they were Mr. Compton's,
" and that it was actually him and
" my Charlotte in the chaiſe.—
" 'Tis impoſſible to conceive what
" were my emotions on this diſco-
" very.—I immediately diſmount-
" ed, when looking into the car-
" riage, I found my rival almoſt
" lifeleſs with loſs of blood, and
" my beloved in a ſwoon. I am
" not yet certain whether he knew
" me, nor was it of any conſe-
" quence.—With the aſſiſtance of
" our men I got him raiſed and
" placed as eaſily as poſſible—I

" ſeated myſelf between my angel
" and him, having, by my careſſes,
" reſtored her to life, and prevailed
" upon her to recline on my breaſt.
" I ordered the fellows to drive
" ſlowly back to the inn, where I
" had left you, my poor frighted
" Caroline. Being arrived, I ſent for
" all proper aſſiſtance—ſurgeons
" there were already in the houſe,"
continued he, " attending upon
" your hero. What they think of
" their laſt patient, I know not,
" but though my rival, I hope his
" wound is not mortal—for having
" recovered

" recovered my Charlotte, I have " no farther enmity againſt him."

Thus ended Charles's part of the hiſtory, I ſhall now my dear friend go on with mine.——Having made a thouſand reflections on the ſtrange, the ſhocking occurrences of the night, and congratulated each other on having ſo happily eſcaped the perils and dangers we had been in, my brother adviſed us to lie down for a few hours, that we might be the better able to perſue our journey, and that he would in the mean time, go and give all ne-

ceſſary orders about the wounded gentlemen.——We very readily complied with this requeſt, as no pair of damſels whatever, could ſtand more in need of reſt—in ſpite of all we had ſuffered, our heads were no ſooner down than we were aſleep.——We lay ſome hours, then got up tolerably refreſhed—our firſt care was to enquire for our two heroes—Charles had ſeen neither, but aſſured us the Surgeons gave him great hopes that both would do well.—This gave us infinite pleaſure, and leaving them under their care, we bid adieu to a place that

that had been productive of ſo much miſchief without regret, and ſet off full ſpeed for Scotland, in order to put a finiſhing ſtroke to Charles's adventures. Mine are not yet, I fancy, ſo near a concluſion, though I am heartily ſick, I give you my word, of playing the heroine.—They did not intend going any farther north than was abſolutely neceſſary, when they ſet out, but as they had now got me of their party, we agreed to go ſtreight to Edinburgh, a place I wiſhed much to ſee, being greatly prejudiced both in favour of it, and its inhabi-

tants.—I knew the Miſs Maxwell's were there at that time, and that they would take a pleaſure in ſhowing us every civility in their power. They are the moſt agreeable girls in the world, nor do I know any more accompliſhed—I knew alſo they ſaw the beſt company, and conſequently, by their means, we ſhould be properly introduced.—This I ſay, determined the point.—We arrived at that capital, after an agreeable journey—as agreeable, I mean as it could be, at this ſeaſon of the year. Our firſt care was to finiſh the important buſineſs we came

came for, which was done without buſtle, none but myſelf being preſent.—Never was creature in ſuch extacy as my dear Charles, when the indiſſoluble knot was tied, and the lovely bluſhing Charlotte was ſecured to him for life—ſhe too, with all her timidity, ſeemed no leſs delighted than himſelf, though ſhe did not ſo freely expreſs, either by words or looks, the ſentiments of her heart—for his part he was eloquent in both,—in my life I never beheld a more lovely, a more elegant pair—ſhe is really an ange-

lic creature. — Charles you have ſeen——

The next day I ſent a card to the Miſs Maxwell's, with compliments, telling them a party of their friends from London would be glad to ſee them as ſoon as poſſible—I mentioned no names.——In leſs than half an hour they both arrived, accompanied by their brother, whom I had never ſeen, but of whom both you and I have heard ſo much.

There's no doing juſtice to their obliging expreſſions of joy and ſurprize,

prize, when they found it was us, nothing in life could be more polite or friendly.

I introduced my lovely ſiſter, on whom their eyes had been fixed from the time they entered; the female eyes I mean.——The beau ſeemed to deſerve the character we had heard of him;——his were directed another way.—he has a proper notion of beauty, that's pretty clear.—I told you how I was humbled, when I firſt ſaw Miſs Danby.—Mr. Maxwell's eyes convinced me I had been a-

larmed without cauſe——" what
" a lovely young creature," whiſ-
pered Miſs Fanny, " yet lovely
" as ſhe is, I envy her the con-
" queſt ſhe has made.—have you
" forgot my dear" continued ſhe
" that I had ſet my heart on
" having that handſome brother of
" yours myſelf. What an abo-
" minable thing it is that we poor
" females are not permitted to
" reveal our ſentiments on theſe
" occaſions,—but for this very ar-
" bitrary law, who knows what
" might have happened,—'tis cer-
" tain I ſhould have tried how
" far

" far my eloquence could have
" prevailed—but it's no matter—
" 'tis paſt a remedy——I muſt
" look out for ſome other, though
" I diſpair of ever finding his
" equal."——

After chatting for ſome time on different ſubjects, I deſired they would go with us to look for lodgings, as we intended ſtaying a week or ten days.—" why yes" cried Miſs Maxwell, " I believe
" you will ſtay full that, or I
" ſhall be much miſtaken as well
" as diſappointed,—ten days, my
" dear

" dear, Miſs Stanhope" continued ſhe ſmiling,— " be aſſured you " would pay a very bad com- " pliment to our noble city, did " you not ſtay three times ten " at leaſt,—and as to the affair of " lodging, leave that to me,—— " where are my ſervants?"—ſhe rung the bell.—" young man" ſaid ſhe as my brother's man en- tered. " Pack up all your maſter's " things, and carry them to the " Abbey. My ſervant is below, he " will ſhow you the way,"—

" I cannot

"I cannot poſſibly ſuffer this" cried Charles, interrupting her, "do you conſider, my dear madam, "what a number there are of us, "—I muſt beg leave to decline your "moſt obliging offer,"—"You "may beg as long as you pleaſe," replied ſhe. "but I will have "my own way for all that;— "and as to your number—ſtay till "you ſee your habitation, no fear "of being crowded,—I beſeech "you do not put ſuch an affront "upon our ancient abbey, 'tis one "of our *Lyons*, and let me tell "you we have ſeveral other no leſs "worthy your notice,"——no denying

nying their kind importunity—we were obliged to accompany them immediately, and were no ſooner arrived, than they ſmiling aſked, whether we thought there was any danger of being incommoded for want of room.—

We were now introduced to Mrs Maxwell, whom I had never ſeen, and found her a moſt amiable woman,—"My dear Mamma," ſaid Fanny. "I have brought you "ſome lodgers,—theſe good friends "of ours, of whom you have fre-"quently heard us ſay many a "thou-

" thouſand odd things, intend to
" honour Edenburgh with their
" preſence for a few weeks, and
" deſiring us to aſſiſt them in look-
" ing for lodgings, I thought ours
" might ſuit them as well as any
" body's,—do'nt you think I judged
" right ?"——"perfectly ſo my
" dear" replied her agreeable mo-
ther, " I hope they will find
" them in every reſpect conveni-
" ent, and I am ſure their compa-
" ny will give me the utmoſt plea-
" ſure,"—we all attempted to expreſs
our gratitude for this exceſs of
civility ; but they ſoon put an
end

end to our fine ſpeeches, by aſking a thouſand queſtions about their friends in London &c.

The two gentlemen, after ſitting half an hour, went out to the coffee-houſe.—We females then begun the animating ſubject of dreſs.—I was obliged to give them the outlines of my hiſtory, in order to account for my being ſo deſtitute of cloaths,—for not one rag had I, except thoſe on my back, and they, if you remember, where not quite the thing for travelling in.—'Till I was ſettled with theſe agreeable

agreeable friends, I had never had time to reflect on the figure I muſt have cut on the road, dreſſed out as I was,—'tis true, after meeting with Charlotte, I might have borrowed from her, but till the laſt day of our journey. I had been in too much hurry and confuſion to pay any attention to it's impropriety,—luckily I did think of it before we entered the town, and by my ſiſters aſſiſtance made a tolerable decent appearance, though obliged to the laſt, to wear my own neglegeé, hers being too ſmall by a mile.—

Little

Little did I imagined when it was made up, that it would be whiſked away in ſuch an extraordinary manner to Scotland,—and really, I now begin to think myſelf not a little obliged to Sir Thomas for procuring me this jaunt.——I fear he at this moment thinks I have made him but a ſcurvy return for that favour.—

We no ſooner mentioned our wants, than we immediately agreed to go a ſhoping—this employed us till dinner.—In a day or two, all thoſe wants were elegantly ſupplied,

and

and we begun to engage in a hundred agreeable parties—but having now finiſhed my wonderful and ſurprizing hiſtory, I muſt, in pity to you, as well as myſelf, alſo finiſh this epiſtle, which I might, without impropriety, call a volume.—

As you are at laſt acquainted with the place of my reſidence, I muſt intreat the favour of a letter by the very firſt poſt, but leſt you ſhould now, being converted into that dignified thing called a wife, give yourſelf airs, and by way of excuſe for idleneſs, plead the care of a family,

mily, &c. &c. I here declare yea, and vow you ſhall not be honoured with a ſingle line from me again, till my requeſt is granted.——How is your amiable lord, your worthy mother—and how is Sir Harry, does abſence ſeem to ſit eaſy upon him—I long moſt impatiently to know how he bore the news of my——what ſhall I call it—flight is improper—that does not ſeem to imply compulſion—but no matter for a name—tell me all you know about him, good or bad.——There are ſome diſagreeable ideas that ſhoot croſs

croſs my mind ſometimes, in ſpite of all I can do—I have no great faith in preſentiments—ſo let them go as they come.——Adieu my dear Caroline, Charles and his beloved, who is all impatience to be better acquainted with you, for ſhe knows you already pretty well by report, join me in beſt wiſhes to your lord and you.

C. STANHOPE.

P. S. I muſt intreat my dear Lady Carey, to ſend this letter, as well as the former, when read, to my

my friend Miſs Conway, who will, I know, feel much anxiety on my account.

LET-

LETTER the Twenty-ſeventh.

From Lady CAREY

TO

Miſs STANHOPE

YOUR two laſt letters, my deareſt Caroline, have reſtored me to life—you know the ſincerity of my affection, and may

therefore conceive what were my feelings, while I believed you in the power of that wretch Sir Thomas, for we were very ſoon informed it was him who had played the hero, and carried you off.—Thank heaven he has met the juſt reward for his treachery, and you a deliverer.——

Well may you call it an adventure, it has indeed been ſuch as would make no inconſiderable figure in our moſt romantic novels—for my part, I am half determined to turn author myſelf, that the world may be favoured with the hiſtory ſet forth

forth in proper colours, for I have the vanity to think my pen alone can do the ſtory juſtice.

I am ſo exceedingly impatient, not only to ſee you my dear, but this divine ſiſter, this delicate Charlotte, that I have almoſt prevailed upon my Lord to ſet off immediately for Scotland. What ſay you, Caroline, ſhall we be welcome? may we hope to meet a cordial reception—I do not abſolutely promiſe, but give you my honour, ſuch a ſcheme is in agitation—the ſeaſon of the year is the chief objection,

January is not the moſt deſirable month, for taking ſuch a trip, yet 'tis more than barely poſſible.——

Now my love, after giving you hopes of an event taking place, which I flatter myſelf will give you much pleaſure—I hope you will, with proper fortitude, bear to hear a word or two concerning a friend of ours, which will not, I am ſenſible, be quite ſo pleaſing; yet a moment's reflection, will, no doubt convince you, as well as it has me, that this little fracas is only intended to fill up a page or two of the hiſtory

tory I am going to publiſh—there wants a few more incidents to render the piece complete—I am therefore ſo far from being vexed at it, that I am impatient for more of the ſame harmleſs nature, for the preſent is ſuch, I give you my word—but judge for yourſelf.

I had a few days ago the honour of a letter from Sir Harry——why that tremor, Caroline? I know you are in a violent flutter. I make no doubt my poor epiſtle, will, at this period, drop from your trembling hand—but did I not warn you?—

did I not give you my honour what I had to relate was a trifle—a mere bagatelle, to which lovers are perpetually ſubject.—Don't be ſilly then, but look upon it as it really is—an incident that will ſerve to heighten the joy of your meeting and reconciliation—the fooliſh affair is merely this—Sir Harry, after being in ſome meaſure recovered from the ſhock he received, on being informed of the accident you had met with, determined immediately to ſet off in perſuit of his worthleſs rival, not only with hopes to recover his adored Caroline, but

with

with full purpoſe to chaſtiſe as he deſerved, the villain who had dared to treat her with ſo much indignity —had you, my dear, been witneſs to Sir Harry's behaviour on the occaſion, I am perſuaded you would on that account alone, be eaſily prevailed upon to pardon his preſent ——what ſhall I call it—weakneſs —are any of us, my dear girl, without our feelings—they muſt be more than mortal, who can boaſt of ſuch perfection. Much art has been uſed to impoſe upon your love, that is evident, nor am I at a loſs to gueſs, either why it was uſed, or

by whom.——Depend upon it your friend Miſs Smith is the author of his uneaſineſs, but all ſhe can hope for from her noble machinations, is the glory of being expoſed and deſpiſed by every creature who knows the ſtory.

I ſay a few days ago I received a letter from him, but never ſure did mortal compoſe ſo melancholy a ditty—deſpair and death in every line. He had received undoubted proofs, that his adored, his ſtill tenderly beloved Caroline, had deceived him, had never in reality felt the ſmalleſt

ſmalleſt degree of partiality. On the contrary, the contents of the horrid letter he had received on your firſt going off (which by the way I forgot to mention indeed I hardly thought it worth the trouble) —the vile calumny it contained, he tells me has been confirmed to him in ſuch a manner, and with ſo many corroberating circumſtances, that he can no longer flatter himſelf with the leaſt hopes of ever again enjoying a moment's peace.-- To poſſeſs the heart of my charming friend, had, from the inſtant he firſt beheld her, been the height

of his ambition, the only bleſſing he aſked of heaven---he believed himſelf ſecure of the ineſtimable treaſure---but all his flattering hopes are blaſted, ſhe has voluntarily beſtowed that invaluable heart on another.——It ſeems my dear, they have perſuaded him, Sir Thomas had ever been your choice, but for particular reaſons, your friends would never conſent to the match, you were therefore obliged to diſſemble, and affect to favour ſome other, till a fit opportunity offered to go off with him.

This

This is the ſtory your envious enemies have formed, in hopes, no doubt, to deſtroy that felicity they ſaw preparing for you, that Kitty is at the bottom of all this, I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, though he has gained all this intelligence ſome where in the country, he does not indeed mention where, nor from whom, after a thouſand diſtracting lamentations for his irreparable loſs, ſtill declaring you muſt ever, in ſpite of his better judgment, continue ſole miſtreſs of his heart, he bids me adieu, adding he could not think of re-

turning to London, where he muſt every hour meet with thoſe who would remind him of his charming Miſs Stanhope, whoſe enchanting form it was neceſſary for his peace he ſhould endeavour to baniſh from his memory, a taſk he had but too much reaſon to fear would be impoſſible, concluding with theſe lines from Pope.—

Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget.

Now my dear Caroline, you muſt, after reading this ſilly affair,

agree

agree with me that it can only occaſion a momentary uneaſineſs, he muſt very ſoon ſee his folly in its proper light, a thouſand circumſtances muſt occur to his memory, that will convince him of his error, and the injuſtice he does you by indulging theſe ſuſpicions, they muſt have made the ſtory extremely plauſible, or ſurely a man of Sir Harry's underſtanding would never have paid any degree of attention to it—yet what can one ſay, the beſt, the moſt amiable man in the world, may have a tincture of jealouſy in his compoſition,

poſition,—allowing this to be the caſe the thing is accounted for at once.

Since, trifles light as air are to the jealous,
Confirmation ſtrong as proofs of holy writ.

Let this be his appology, my dear Caroline, when you meet, I will indeed allow you to be a little ſtately or ſo, in order to give him an opportunity to exert his eloquence, but do not be too obdurate, remember he at this ſad moment perfectly adores you—— you ſee I take it for granted, you are to meet again, though thus cruelly

cruelly ſeparated,—you, I truſt are of the ſame ſenſible opinion, be compoſed then, and behave like yourſelf with becoming fortitude, ——the wretch has either forgot or deſignedly omitted, to give me his addreſs,——did I know where a billet doux would find him, depend upon it he ſhould have one immediately, and ſuch a one as I believe, would make him bluſh at his weakneſs,—but we muſt have a little patience,—it will not, I am perſuaded require a great deal, a thouſand to one if you do not meet before the end of your pe-

rigri-

rigrinations, this miſunderſtanding is only one of Cupid's frolicks, he is an arch little rogue and delights in miſchief.——My beſt compliments to Miſs Maxwell's, not forgeting their handſome brother.——I give you leave to flirt a little with him *pour paſſer le temp*,—one cannot be quite idle, but remember the diſconſolate Sir Harry nevertheleſs.——

Tell Miſs Maxwell's, in caſe I ſhould not make out my trip to the north, which yet I fully mean to do, if poſſible. I inſiſt upon their meeting

meeting us this ſummer again at Harrogate—aſſure them I have not forgot the joyous party we had there this time two years, and that you and I have ſpoke of it a thouſand times with much pleaſure—you may alſo add, I deſire they will bring their brother—and that I in return will bring my lord and maſter. Do you hear Caroline, ſettle this matter, at all events, in caſe I do not come.——Adieu—O I had almoſt forgot to tell you, I obeyed your commands in regard to Miſs Conway—ſhe has received both your packets, and will tell you ſo herſelf

herſelf I preſume, the firſt opportunity.

Your aunt and her hopeful daughter ſeem determined to take the advantage of your abſence, to ſhow themſelves—they are perpetually flying about from one public place to another, but all in vain, Miſs does not ſucceed—you remember young Brooks, he danced with her at our houſe, finding I ſuppoſe that ſhe has money, of which he his in deſperate want—he is become her moſt obedient. —— Old madam frowns, but young madam ſmiles,

and

and will continue to do ſo, I ſuppoſe, till ſhe gets another of more importance.——Were the young fellow my enemy, I might perhaps be induced to wiſh ſhe would run away with him.

Once more adieu, my dear girl, pray offer to my friend Charles my ſincere congratulations on his felicity, with my ardent wiſhes, that it may every day encreaſe, but this he no doubt will think ſuperfluous, admitting the thing poſſible—and alſo tell his amiable Charlotte, that I expect ſhe will not diſpoſe of all her

her friendſhip, but reſerve a competent portion for me, who already love her very ſincerely.

I will now in earneſt bid you adieu—my lord adds his beſt wiſhes to mine.—

Your's

C. CAREY.

LET-

LETTER the Twenty-eighth.

Miſs BROWN.

TO

Miſs SMITH,

THERE child—the duce is in it, if I have not at laſt, ſet your heart at reſt.—Read, and tell me if ever you had ſuch a friend in your

your life—the moſt fortunate accident ſure that ever was known—Kitty, you will never be able to make me an adequate return for the infinite obligation I have now conferred upon you—yet I am ſometimes tempted to——but hang it, what does it ſignify, it is but a little harmleſs miſchief—then to ſerve an old friend too.—Pho---a mere trifle, ſo no more fits of remorſe—to tell you the truth, I believe it was ſeeing that handſome fellow in ſuch diſtreſs, that gave riſe to them, not my feelings for her——take the particulars:——

I hap-

I happened to be on a viſit at a Mr. Stanley's, who lives about ten or a dozen miles from our manſion, his niece, for he has no children, came to fetch me, nor would take a denial—I had no great inclination for the jaunt, as they are not people wholly to my taſte, though highly cried up in their own neighbourhood for hoſpitality and ſo forth—but all this is nothing to the purpoſe, conſequently impertinent —we were ſitting quite in the humdrum ſtile, I at at my tambour, Miſs Stanley thrumiug a leſſon on the guitar, the old folks doing hea-

ven

ven knows what, ſleeping I ſuppoſe—when we were ſuddenly rouzed from this inanimate ſituation, by the entrance of the fineſt figure my eyes ever beheld, he was booted and ſpured, and looked exceedingly fatigued, yet beautiful—but that's a vile expreſſion for a man too,——however ſo it was neverthelefs, there is manly beauty you know——he came in with the eaſy familiarity, of an intimate friend or relation——who the duce, thought I, can this creature be, while they were aſking how he did after his journey, and

ſome

ſome other common place queſtions,—but gueſs, if you can, what what was my aſtoniſhment, when I heard them call him Sir Harry Grey,—I vow I thought I ſhould have fainted, yet what was the charming fellow to me?--perhaps that was the very cauſe of my emotion,—now thought I, now or never is the time to ſerve my friend Catherine, —that inſinuating dejection, I'll warrant ye, is owing to the loſs of his Dulcinea,—I wanted no other motive than ſeeing him, to make me wiſh he would forget her, I'll try what I can do, ſaid I, to myſelf,—can I but ſtart the ſub-

ject by any means, I ſhall look upon the thing as done.—The Stanley's knew I was well informed of all that had happened to his miſtreſs,—and therefore I hoped would ſpeak freely, though I was preſent.——

It happened as I wiſhed, the ſubject neareſt his heart was ſoon brought upon the carpet,—he told them he was at that time going in ſearch of Sir Thomas, &c. &c. and as his rout lay ſo near their houſe, he would not paſs without calling on his friends,—he now ran

ran over ſuch a catalogue of encomiums in praiſe of his charmer, that I concluded all I could ſay in order to change his ſentiments, would be to no purpoſe,--in the courſe of their converſation he mentioned the letter, at the ſame time taking it out of his pocket, and handing it round for our inſpection,—firſt one read it with looks of amazement, then another, —at length it came to my turn. —I caſt an eye over it, at the ſame time endeavouring to appear without the leaſt ſurpriſe, and puting on a kind of miſterious ſmile,

when I returned it,—he looked at me with attention, and ſeemed to wonder I made no remarks upon it, as every one elſe had one.—

At laſt,—"what think you Ma-
"dam of ſuch unprovoked malice?
"I find you are acquainted with
"every thing concerning my amia-
"ble injured Miſs Stanhope,—tell
"me, is it not aſtoniſhing that a
"creature ſhould exiſt, capable of
"writing ſuch a ſcrawl?"—
I was ſtill ſilent, but ſhrugged up my ſhoulders with an air that plainly implyed I knew more of the matter

matter then I was willing to declare.——he changed colour,—"Miſs Brown," continued he with emotion, "what am I to think of "that expreſſive ſilence,—you alarm "me, for heaven ſake ſpeak, and "tell me freely what are your "thoughts on this ſubject,—'tis e-"vident you are better acquainted "with the ſtory, than any other "perſon in the room,"—"for pity "ſake," continued he, taking my hand with eagerneſs, "explain "this myſtery, and deliver me "from this painful ſuſpence,"—I made ſome ſaint excuſes, begging

he would not preſs me to give my opinion, aſſuring him I knew nothing very particular, with many other ſilly ſpeeches, of which, I did not mean, he ſhould believe one ſyllable.——he did not, but was now on the rack, tortured with a thouſand apprehenſions, which I had contrived to raiſe in his imagination,——"My dear "friends," cried he, turning to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, with looks ſo diſtreſſing, that I had almoſt given up your cauſe, "you have "perhaps more influence with this "young Lady, than I can hope to have,

"—for

" for heaven ſake endeavour to pre-
" vail upon her to reveal that ſe-
" cret, which I am confident ſhe is
" miſtreſs of—my happineſs or
" miſery is at ſtake, do not trifle
" with my pain, but tell me at
" once what I have to expect."

At length with a reluctant air—
" why Sir Harry will you oblige
" me, by your importunity, to
" diſcover what I am ſenſible will
" plant a dagger in your heart—
" 'tis indeed too true I am miſ-
" treſs of a ſecret which nearly con-
" cerns your peace—and would

" you permit it? I would remain
" ſo—but you inſiſt on my ſpeak-
" ing freely—I can have no intereſt
" in what I am going to ſay Sir
" Harry—I am no way connected
" with the lady, but be aſſured
" Sir, whoever is the author of
" that letter, is your very ſincere
" friend and well-wiſher—to my
" certain knowledge, every word
" advanced there is ſtrictly true,
" Sir Thomas's ſiſter is my very in-
" timate friend and correſpondent,
" from her I have known every
" circumſtance relating to her bro-
" ther and to Miſs Stanhope, from

" the

" the moment his attachment com-
" menced."

Upon my life Kitty, I could almoſt have confeſſed it all a lye, ſo much was I ſhocked when I ſaw the effect my information had produced —never while I live ſhall I forget the anguiſh, the deſpair, that ſpread itſelf over his manly countenance. When I ceaſed ſpeaking, concluding I had nothing more to relate, he roſe from his ſeat, and claſping his hands in an agony of grief that actually made my blood run cold, and with the fineſt eyes in the

world raiſed to heaven, exclaimed, " now am I indeed, the verieſt " wretch that this day exiſts on " earth—yes madam," added he, turning to me with a look that pierced my very ſoul, " yes, you " have too ſurely, as you ſaid, " planted a dagger in my breaſt, " which not time itſelf can draw " from thence.——Farewell my " friends—and farewell, a long " long farewell to every hope of " happineſs here below."——Thus ſaying, without uttering another word, he precipitately left the room, and the next moment I ſaw him

him from the window mount his horſe, and ride off in abſolute deſpair.

The Stanley's, when a little recovered from their conſternation, for the good folks were actually ſtruck dumb with amazement, at what they heard, begun to blame each other for ſuffering him to depart, while ſo exceedingly diſtreſſed, fearing, I preſume, he ſhould put an untimely end to that life, he no longer thinks worth his care. I was now, as you may ſuppoſe, peſtered with a thouſand impertinent

nent queſtions, about the unexpected diſcovery I had made, or rather confirmed, to which I made no very ſatisfactory anſwers.

I was horridly vexed at having brought myſelf into the ſcrape, as I found it neceſſary to make a hundred new lies, in order to confirm the firſt.—'Tis ever the caſe Kitty, as you are ſenſible by experience, we have proved it, while under the care of the pious ſiſterhood, many a good time and oft.

I very

I very ſoon after this melancholy ſcene, took leave of the dreary family, and returned home, from whence I now favour your ladyſhip with this unqueſtionable proof of my friendſhip, you never can repay the obligation—'tis utterly impoſſible, for have I not, to ſerve you, rendered miſerable the fineſt fellow in England—if I think much more about him, I ſhall be tempted to repent, and confeſs my treachery. Yet what a figure muſt I then cut—horrid—no more of that—the deed is done, and you are amply revenged.

Let

Let me hear from you immediately—I expect the first whole page to be filled with thanks.

Adieu,

F. BROWN.

LET-

LETTER the Twenty-ninth.

Miſs STANHOPE.

TO

Lady CAREY.

'TIS all in vain, my deareſt Caroline, your obliging friendly arguments, are, I confeſs, the very beſt that could be made uſe

uſe of on the occaſion, but they do not indeed, indeed my dear friend, they do not convince me—I ſee clearly I am robbed of the amiable Sir Harry's heart—'tis loſt to me for ever, and I have only now to forget I ever believed myſelf poſſeſſed of that ineſtimable treaſure.

I am intirely of your opinion, in regard to my being indebted to my kind couſin, for this misfortune—ſhe has from our firſt acquaintance, been my implacable enemy, and I am ſenſible, only waited a favourable opportunity to do me an injury.

Alas,

Alas, my dear Lady Carey, ſhe has met with one but too fit for her miſchievous purpoſe, and has indeed profited by it, to her utmoſt wiſh.

By what cruel treacherous means ſhe has thus accompliſhed her ſcheme to deſtroy my peace, I cannot gueſs, but that ſhe is the vile author of the ſtory, from firſt to laſt, I make not the ſmalleſt doubt. Who but herſelf, would be guilty of ſo much unprovoked malice? Did you ſee that infamous letter? my dear Caroline? yet to what purpoſe

poſe—'tis not probable ſhe herſelf would write, that muſt have betrayed her—but let me endeavour to forget—yet is that in nature?—Ah! no more, my deareſt friend, I find it will be a taſk too difficult for me ever to attain—the idea that Sir Harry believes me ſo baſe, ſo deceitful a creature, is a reflection I am not, with all my fortitude, able to bear—had he like too many of his ſex, proved falſe—had ſome new object, more worthy his eſteem, robbed me of his heart, I could have borne it with ſome degree of reſignation, indeed ſuch a

proof

proof of his inconſtancy, would have convinced me, he was no longer worthy that degree of partiality I had conceived for him.——My pride, in that caſe, would, I truſt, have enabled me to tear his image from my breaſt, and to ſubſtitute indifference in its ſtead.——Yet is he not to blame? Ought he ſo eaſily to have given credit to ſuch a ſtory, however plauſible my enemies might render it—ſurely he ought not.

The more I reflect on his behaviour, the more I am perſuaded he himſelf

himſelf is the deceiver. He never truly loved me, Caroline—'tis impoſſible—if he had, would he ſo eaſily have been impoſed upon—I know not what to think, my mind is diſtreſſed, and here I have nobody in whom I can ſo far confide, as to communicate the cauſe of that uneaſineſs, which is but too viſible, in ſpite of all my endeavours to conceal it,—forgive me my dear friend. I am a ſelfiſh creature, my own affairs alone engroſs my whole attention, will you not think me ſo, for not having yet mentioned the flattering

hope

hope you gave me, in your laſt of ſeeing you here?—but you know my heart, though Sir Harry does not,—you, my dear lady Carey, I am perſuaded, are ſenſible nothing in life could give me half the pleaſure, that event would do but I dare not indulge the delightful idea, my lord, will not, I am afraid, be prevailed upon to let his Caroline undertake ſuch a journey, at this ſeaſon of the year, yet if he knew the joy it would give not only to me, but to a number of agreeable friends, who long impatiently for the happineſs of

ſeeing

ſeeing you, I think he would not be able to diſappoint their high raiſed expectations, tell him from me, my dear Caroline, that this event alone can reſtore me to any degree of peace,—at preſent I am loſt to every ſenſe of pleaſure, yet am I engaged in a perpetual round of diſſipation, ah! how difficult to wear a ſmile when the heart is torn with anguiſh, I endeavour to appear eaſy, and even chearful, I ſhould be ungrateful to the laſt degree, were I to caſt a damp on the joy of my friends, by my melancholy, they are too deeply intereſted in my happineſs not to ſympathiſ

pathiſe in my diſtreſs, my dear Charles is my only confidant, his tenderneſs for me is beyond expreſſion, 'tis his conſtant ſtudy to ſooth and make me forget my ſorrows, never creature poſſeſſed ſo great a ſhare of gentleneſs and delicacy, as this amiable brother, no wonder he gained the heart of his adored Charlotte, what woman could reſiſt his engaging attractions, his inſinuating manner,—thank heaven, ſhe is worthy of him, and no leſs ſenſible of his innumerable perfections, than I am —more ſo ſhe cannot be.—

I had

I had a thouſand things to tell you, which I hoped would amuſe an idle hour, but this ſhock has pierced my heart, I no longer remember any one circumſtance that has happened ſince my arrival at this agreeable place, yet till I recieved the fatal letter, I thought I had met with many that then appeared to me extremely pleaſing, and which I had treaſured up for the entertainment of my Caroline, but they have no longer a place in my memory.

The

The idea of Sir Harry, the opinion, the dreadful opinion he cruelly entertains of me, engroſſes my whole thoughts—can you wonder at it, is there, in life, a more mortifying ſituation than mine—impoſſible—Charles, like you, endeavours to perſuade me, a ſhort time muſt bring about an eclairciſſment—Sir Harry's own reflections, he is poſitive, muſt, when the firſt tranſports of reſentment are abated, convince him he has been too eaſily prevailed upon to believe ſo injurious a report, he will be ſenſible he ought to have had more

authentic proofs—in ſhort, he has ſaid ſo much upon the ſubject, that I would willingly believe you both in the right—but in vain, I cannot bring myſelf to ſee the affair in this favourable light.

Do not, my dear friend, fancy me ſo weak a creature, or ſo void of a proper pride, as to believe all my anxiety is occaſioned merely by the loſs of his heart.—No Caroline, valuable as I thought that heart was, believe me it is the vile opinion he has imbibed of my ſentiments.

Were

Were I but certain he was convinced of the injuſtice he has done me—I think I could, without repining, give up every hope of that nature.—Time, I make no doubt, would conquer any degree of partiality, I may at preſent entertain for him, but never can the horrid idea of his believing me the deceitful creature I have been repreſented.

My couſin, will no doubt, triumph not a little—ſhe has indeed been abundantly ſucceſsful in her laudable ſchemes, but let her take

care, a time may come, when this noble achievement may not be productive of quite ſo much ſatisfaction as it is at preſent—ſhe is not, perhaps prepared for the ſhock, of being expoſed, as ſhe muſt infallibly be, ſhould your conjectures prove well founded—would to heaven I could on that account, believe they were.

We have now been here above a fortnight, yet our agreeable kind friends will not ſuffer us to mention our departure—not a day has paſſed, in which they have not contrived

to

to engage us in one party or another—the town is at preſent very full of the beſt company—plays, balls, and charming concerts are crowded here every night—the aſſembly is conducted in a manner infinitely ſuperior to any I have ſeen elſewhere—even Bath, to which I am ſo partial, cannot boaſt ſo much order and regularity.

You have often beſtowed the higheſt praiſes on Miſs Maxwell's dancing, and very juſtly, but believe me, though ſhe made ſo conſpicuous a figure while in England,

and ſo far ſurpaſſed all our belles—'tis far from being the caſe here. She is now ſurpaſſed in her turn, by hundreds—for my part, I am quite charmed with their eaſy graceful motions, ſo light, ſuch a variety of elegant ſteps, but 'tis evident dancing is an accompliſhment natural to them—I am perſuaded they would excell, though they had never heard of a maſter, in general they have an ear for muſic, and 'tis moſt certain their muſic is of all others, beſt calculated for that purpoſe.

You'll

You'll be aſtoniſhed to ſee how I am improved, at firſt I can tell you I was a good deal mortified, to find I did not excite quite ſo much admiration, as I had been accuſtomed to do at Almack's, Cornelly's, &c. &c. In a minuet, indeed, I made ſome figure, but in country-dances I had neither life nor ſpirit —now I have both, or rather had, for they are ſince the receipt of your laſt letter, fled, never, never to return.——

No Caroline, 'tis impoſſible I ever ſhould again be the chearful

lively creature I uſed to be—whatever is the event of this fatal affair, I am perſuaded my vivacity is loſt entirely.

Should I ever again be in tolerable ſpirits, I will give you an account of a conqueſt I have made, for which I am envied by half the belles in Edenburgh.

Harry Maxwell too—but him you allowed me to flirt with, ſo you have his misfortune to anſwer for—we have indeed flirted to his coſt, as he tells the ſtory---would you

you believe it Caroline, he is actually become a downright ſighing diſpairing lover—he heard by ſome means or other, on our firſt arrival, that I was engaged, or very near it, to ſomebody—but love you know, is an involuntary paſſion—what then was the youth to do? my partiality in favour of another was nothing to the purpoſe, we began, as you deſired, to love in play, merely *pour paſſer le temp*, but unluckily have ended in earneſt—at leaſt 'tis uo longer a joke with him—how would he rejoice, were he informed of my *fracas* with Sir

Harry—yet what would it avail him —I have no heart to beſtow, and this is the favour for which he is perpetually tormenting me, and without which he vows 'tis impoſſible for him to exiſt.

Charles and his fair bride, have both wrote in the propereſt manner to Mrs. Danby—whether their billets will meet a gracious reception I know not, but moſt ſincerely hope they will, as I think their felicity cannot be complete, while under her diſpleaſure, excluſive of intereſted views—this 'tis true, is a con-

a conſideration of ſome weight, ſince fortune in this world of diſſipation, is looked upon as the one thing needful.

I told you, I believe, that ſhe has ten thouſand in her own power, when of age, which alone is very tolerable—but Charles has the ſpirit of a prince, and without a purſe of equal rank, this ſame ſpirit is rather inconvenient.

Sir Thomas, the vile cauſe of all my miſery, is, we hear, ſo well recovered, as to be removed to his

ſeat

ſeat at ***.—Mr. Compton too is in a fair way, though not yet able to leave the room, having had a dangerous fever—this intelligence we had from the Surgeon, to whom my brother wrote, deſiring an account of his patients.

Once more, my dear Caroline, let me aſk, may I flatter myſelf that you will really take the trip you mention, I dare not indulge the delightful hope—yet, ſince you ſeem to be ſerious, I will wait till I hear from you again, before we talk farther on leaving this place, your motions

tions ſhall determine ours, for my part, were my lord and you here, I ſhould have no objections to ſtaying the reſt of the winter—if you do not come, 'tis more than probable we ſhall take Bath in our way to London, not the direct road you'll ſay, but that's a trifle, we have nothing elſe to do, and our dear Charlotte has expreſſed a wiſh to viſit that agreeable place—half a wiſh is enough from her, her Charles lives but to gratify them.

Adieu my beloved friend, I will endeavour to behave with a proper

ſpirit,

ſpirit---yes Caroline, I will try to forget this ungenerous Sir Harry.—The ſtile of my next ſhall convince you I have been ſucceſsful in my attempt.

Your's moſt unfeignedly,

C. STANHOPE.

P. S. I muſt ſtill trouble you to ſend my letters to Miſs Conway—ſhe has promiſed to be ſatisfied with this ſecond-hand correſpondence, 'till I am once more ſettled, as ſhe is ſenſible, writing in the ſame manner I write to you and her (for you both inſiſt on my being minute)

nute) muſt engroſs more time, than I can at preſent ſpare for that employment, however agreeable—ſhe is a good girl, and ſpeaks in raptures of my dear Lady Carey.

LET-

LETTER the Thirtieth.

From Lady CAREY

TO

Miſs STANHOPE

SO my ſage arguments, though you allow them admirable, have not produced the deſired effect, ——why then my dear, ſince I have

have failed in my attempt, we will let the matter reſt, as it is, thank our ſtars, ſhould this naughty Sir Harry, be indeed the wretch, you in the latter end of your epiſtle, ſeem inclined to think him, we ſhall be at no great loſs for another lover, to ſupply his place, another Harry too,—ſuppoſe my dear we nobly reſolve to reject all his apologies, all his ſubmiſſions when offered, which that they will be in a very ſhort ſpace, I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, for after all, what was there in Sir Harry ſo very very engaging,—to be ſure

the

the man is tolerable, but ſo are a thouſand others,—we had better then give him up at once, and thereby put an end to all our anxiety, but I forget you have made already this laudable reſolution,—that's a good girl, I knew you had too much ſpirit ever to become a ſigher, ſo now then he is totally forgot, and we may return to our uſual chit chat, without being tormented with a thouſand lover like fears on his account,—to begin then, Coroline,——do you know child, that I actually longed for this trip to Scotland? my very heart

was

was ſet upon it, it was the burden of my ſong, morning noon and night, my Lord liſtened to me with his uſual complacency, ſmiled at my eagerneſs and joined in the encomiums I beſtowed on that land of hoſpitality, but would you believe it, the ſly wretch was joking all the while, nor had once the ſlighteſt notion of putting my ſcheme in execution,——true, as you are alive,——I am exceſſively offended at being treated in this manner, I give you my word, and ſo I have freely told him,—

I'll

I'll tell you what, Caroline, theſe huſbands are the moſt impertinent creatures imaginable, had I been unfettered,—but what ſignifies what I ſhould have done in this happy caſe, my chains are riveted, I may rattle them as violently as I pleaſe, but they are riveted ſtill,——what vexes me moſt, is, I have been obliged to forgive him, nay I even allowed him to kiſs my lilly hand, as a token of reconciliation.—You, Caroline, know his inſinuating ways, all my fear is, that he will ſo far gain upon my affections, that in a ſhort time

I ſhall

I ſhall loſe all my authority, he ſpares no pains, likely to bring me in to this ſcrape, had he, as I deſired, whiſked away to Scotland, heaven knows, what might have been the conſequence, I am ſuch a 'grateful creature, I fear, I ſhould have utterly ruined him with my acknowledgments, ſo far the thing is better as it is.

I have now ſomething to reproach him with, and to ſay truth I have, till now been a great deal puzzled, when, endeavouring to find a fault in his conduct, you ſee my dear, there

there is no affliction, however great, but has ſome conſolatary circumſtance attending it. I believe, if I could have gained Mamma over to my party, I might have carried my point, but ſhe truly, gave it againſt me all to nothing.—I am finely hampered between them, am I not?——So Caroline, ſince this is the caſe, do you hear, make all the haſte you can to London, I can ſpare you no longer, I have ten thouſand things to ſay to you, as many to conſult you about, and in ſhort can no longer do without you,—you may as well, ſince we have whol-

wholly given up Sir Harry, bring his handſome nameſake in your hand, I want much to ſee him, tell him; if he can fall upon ways and means to gain my good opinion, I will become his advocate in a certain cauſe he has nearly at heart,—I foreſaw how it would be,—was it in nature child, that he ſhould ſee you morning, noon, and night, yet eſcape the ſnare?—his heart muſt have been of oak, to reſiſt ſuch attractions,—it was a wicked thing in you Caroline, to bring the youth into ſuch a dilemma ſituated as you are.—

Ah!

Ah! cry ye mercy—I forgot we have diſcarded Sir Harry.—I am ſuch a thoughtleſs creature,—what could put him into my ſilly head, heaven knows,——for you know, my dear, we have quite done with him,——*O entirely*,—I dare ſay by this time you hardly remember his very name,—nothing like making a reſolution, 'tis the only way in theſe caſes, for when once one has vowed the thing, why there's an end of it, one thinks no more about it.—

Your

Your friend Conway was in town the other day,—ſhe called on me.—we talked all your affair over, read all your letters over again, and agreed you were born on purpoſe to be the Heroine of ſome extraordinary adventures,—we were poſitive, however, that they were to end happily, and that Sir Harry Grey was to be the man,—here indeed we were a little out in our calculation,—the thing is otherwiſe decreed,—I delight in her for the unaffected friendſhip ſhe expreſſes for you.—ſhe is, I believe, a little hurt at not hearing from you ſo regular—

ly as uſual.—I aſſured her it was my fault, that I was an unreaſonable creature, and would take no denial; adding, I was poſitive ſhe had the firſt place in your heart, though I had for a time robbed her of your correſpondance.

What on earth have I been thinking of all this while, that I ſhould forget the moſt delectable piece of news that ever I was miſtreſs of.—your aunt Stanhope, my dear, is actually turned Methodiſt,—— true as you are alive,—ſhe has been ſeveral times ſeen coming from the tabernacle, late Whitfield's,—which of their pious preachers have wrought

wrought this miracle, I know not but I ſhall myſelf become a convert to their doctrine, if they ſo far complete her reformation as to make her reſtore part of her wealth to the right heirs,—who knows what may happen, you and I Caroline, are more than half perſuaded the good lady, is a very proper object for them to work upon, —ſhe could I fancy, if well inclined, make ſome very notable diſcovery's ;—and, 'tis certain, they are the kind of preachers moſt likely to ſet theſe odd matters in their true light; they are no flatterers, but ſpeak home to the

conſcience, and 'tis undoubtedly their buſineſs ſo to do, though the gentlemen of our church are too polite, too well bread to ſhock their hearers, with any of thoſe indelicate familiarities, they pretend to no ſuch intimate acquaintance with our hearts or inclenations,—but take it for granted an elegant well dreſſed congregation, muſt be compoſed of exceeding good and pious chriſtians, and that it would be great want of charity in them to doubt it,—— obſerve I do not affirm this as a fact, but I am told ſo by a perſon who ſaw her coming from thence,

thence, with her plump phiz ſcrewed up into the moſt formal ſolemnity,—no eaſy matter to give it a mortified appearance,—Kate was not of the party, nor will ſhe, I preſume, be much delighted with the whim,—ſhould the dowager carry it to the extreme, that many do,——farewell to plays, balls, and all the long catalogue of dear diverſions, with which this charming town abounds,—yet, I believe, ſhe will find it a difficult taſk to prevail on the damſel to conform to her new plan,—Miſs has a will of her own, which, I fancy, ſhe will not eaſily give up.

Adieu Caroline, a thouſand compliments to your agreeable friends, tell them I ſincerely wiſh to be one of the party,——but as that pleaſure is denied me, I muſt intreat them to diſmiſs you immediately, as I have affairs of importance to tranſact in London, in which I cannot proceed without your perſonal advice,—do'nt forget to bring Harry,—unleſs you have ſince writing your laſt, changed your mind in regard to a diſconſolate friend of ours—yet how impertinent, to ſuppoſe you capable of ſo much weakneſs,—I aſk your pardon, and am wholly yours,

C. CAREY.

LET-

LETTER the Thirty-firſt.

Miſs STANHOPE.

TO

Lady CAREY.

IMPERTINENT indeed—no no my dear, I am not the weak creature you ſuppoſe—on the contrary, I am more than ever con-

firmed in my noble purpoſe—have I not reaſon, where are all thoſe fine reflections that were to open his eyes, where all thoſe apologies, thoſe humbling ſubmiſſions he was in ſo ſhort a time to make at my feet?—did I not from the firſt, declare he was the deceiver, by nature fickle, and glad of a pretence to indulge his inconſtancy, without incurring the imputation.—Whatever he may think of the matter, I give you my honour, thoſe ſubmiſſions, however humble, will now come too late—thanks to my

pride,

pride, I have effectually conquered my ridiculous folly.

You ſmile Caroline, but 'tis fact nevertheleſs, I am not ſo much of the heroine as—*in love to pine and languiſh*——when perſuaded my hero is no longer worthy my eſteem, heaven forbid, I ſhould ever ſink into that ſighing ſilly tribe, that I once thought him more than tolerable, I may as well own—but it does not follow I muſt continue to think him ſo, when convinced I have been deceived.

I tell you Caroline, had he ever truly loved, he would not ſo eaſily have believed thoſe ſtories to my prejudice, however plauſible; ſo from this moment, I give him up —hey day—what is the meaning of all this—would you believe, it, Lady Carey? my heart had actually the preſumption at this moment, to offer a thouſand ridiculous apologies for his conduct—my former acquaintance with Sir Thomas—his carrying me off—the letter from an unknown friend—the contents of that letter ſo unexpectedly confirmed by one no way intereſted

reſted on either ſide of the queſtion, the poſſibility of female falſhood—all theſe truly had it muſtered up in array, and was moſt eloquent on the ſeveral articles—what do you think of having ſo ſly an enemy in my own breaſt—I was aſtoniſhed, not having the leaſt idea of its being ſo much prejudiced in his favour, we have had the fineſt altercation imaginable, nor am I yet poſitive whether I had the beſt of the argument or not, I never knew till now it was ſo able an advocate—had you heard its pleading, you'd ſwear it had been brought

up

up at the bar, it muſt have been well fee'd, that's a very clear caſe, or it would never have taken ſo much pains to juſtify its client.

What are we to do now, Caroline, one would not, you know, through mere perverſeneſs, do an act of injuſtice—ſhall we leave the matter undetermined?——No, poſitively, no cries pride, diſcard him at once, if you have one grain of ſpirit.

Make no raſh vows, replies conſcience, if you do, I have only this

to

to ſay, never ſhall you obtain my conſent to break them, whatever pain it may coſt you to keep them.

Duce take the man, I ſay, I wiſh we had never had any thing to ſay to him, then might I at once ſet the heart of my old flame at reſt, by conſenting to take him, with all his imperfections on his head, that is to ſay, threeſcore years and ten, a ſmall-meagre body, placed on a pair of ſmall ſhapeleſs legs, that meagre as he is, ſeem to totter under their lovely burden—a face long as my arm, though not

quite

quite ſo white or plump—a mouth, the juſt dimenſions of which I am ignorant of, having never ſeen it, except when drawn forth into a broad ſmile—grin I had almoſt ſaid —whether he was ever maſter of a ſet of teeth, none of my friends can inform me, though they ſeem inclined to fancy he never was, as there is not the ſmalleſt appearance of any remaining.

To preſerve this toothleſs head from farther depredations, as much as he can, 'tis covered with a wig of ſuch enormous ſize, that a friſeur

of

of any genius, might, out of the ſuperfluous curls, make half a dozen fit to grace an alderman.

How do you like this picture? my dear—the original is my moſt obſequious ſervant—he is not indeed a baronet, nor has he quite ſo large an eſtate as Sir Harry, but then his family is antient as the flood—he has a genealogical tree, on one of the upper twigs of which, hangs by the hair of his head our grandſire Adam, from whom he is lineally deſcended in a ſtreight line—he endeavoured to convince me,

as

as a proof of his aſſertion, that he bore a ſtriking reſemblance to that old gentleman, aſſuring me many of his friends had obſerved a ſtrong family likeneſs—I told him the reſemblance might perhaps appear ſtronger, had they not given Adam a complexion quite ſo ruddy—this he ſaid was a very juſt remark, but added, he ſat for the picture while quite a boy.

Are you not inclined to envy me this important conqueſt, my dear Lady Carey—I give you my word the laird of M'Knab, looks upon himſelf as a perſon of no ſmall conſequence,

ſequence, and has a thouſand times declared we ſhould make the fineſt couple in all Caithneſs—in the name of fortune, you cry, where is that —why my dear it is the fag end of the highlands, and a *vara bony* place, it is he aſſures me—as an inducement to prevail upon me to accept his offered hand—he has promiſed to teach me the Erſe language in its utmoſt purity—little does Sir Harry imagine what a formidable rival he has now got—if I am able to reſiſt *his* attractions, I think he may reſt ſecure.

Would

Would you believe it Caroline, this filly old ſoul follows me like my ſhadow, and has the vanity to think I may in time be prevailed upon to dignify the title of M'Knab, for he allows I ſhould grace that, or any other.

Had you but ſeen us at the laſt aſſembly, he made uſe of all his eloquence, in order to obtain my hand for the evening—why ſurely threeſcore and ten does not pretend to dance, you cry.

Not dance child, no cork ſo light, nor eel ſo nimble—Harry Maxwell,

Maxwell, however, had ſecured that felicity, who dances like an angel—the Harry's in general, I fancy, excel in this accompliſhment---but a reel I muſt dance with him at leaſt, to this requeſt he would take no denial---I was obliged to comply, or we ſhould have had no peace---theſe reels, you are to obſerve, do not interrupt the country dances, there are frequently parties of that ſort at each corner of the room, one tune ſerves both, and they add an agreeable variety to the ſcene---accordingly Fanny Maxwell, my Ladyſhip, and my Ladyſhip's ſwain, ſtepped forth

with

with full purpoſe to diſplay our various abilities. 'Tis not in theſe trios who dances beſt only, but alſo who dances longeſt.——I need not tell you then, that we kept it up till my poor old ſoul was at his laſt gaſp, nay he would have reſigned even that in the glorious conteſt, had I not taken pity upon him, as well as on myſelf, and flown to my ſeat, while I had breath to reach it---in my life I never was half ſo fatigued, yet the lively little Fanny, actually called forth a new couple to ſupply our places, and figured away with all imaginable eaſe for half an hour longer——dancing, as

I obſerved

I obſerved before, is natural to theſe agreeable people.

My dancing was over for that evening, as you may ſuppoſe, nor was Harry much diſpleaſed that I was ſo ſoon tired—we ſat and chatted in the moſt agreeable manner, no fear of his being at a loſs for converſation, never creature had ſuch a ſtock, nor greater variety, but I cannot ſay he treats me with much of that, though ſo pleaſing—'tis generally one ſubject I am favoured with, love—hopeleſs love—what can I do with him, Caroline, I have a thouſand times aſſured him my

my heart is engaged---he ſtill perſeveres and vows he will do ſo, at leaſt till I am actually married, if no longer---he has a pleaſure in it, and is determined to indulge it, if I am able to prevail upon him to deſiſt, ſo be it, he would rather hear me forbid him to hope, than not hear me at all, the very ſound of my voice has more charms for him, than the ſound and ſenſe together of any other woman.---You bid me bring him in my hand to London, I wiſh my dear, you could tell me how I am to prevail upon him to ſtay where he is---he vows I ſhall not go without him,

ſo

ſo you may make yourſelf perfectly eaſy on that head--though I am not. Charlotte (not having the fear of Sir Harry before her eyes) has taken upon her to become his advocate, and with ſweet engaging eloquence, pleads his cauſe. Charles I believe, wiſhes very ſincerely I had never ſeen his face but he leaves the affair to myſelf, aſſuring me my happineſs is ſo dear to him, that he is determined never to urge me to act contrary to my inclination on any occaſion, much leſs in a matter of ſuch importance—but Charlotte is poſitive, no Sir Harry in the kingdom can be half ſo agreeable

as

as Harry Maxwell nor love me with ſo much ſincerity,——perhaps ſhe is right, and I am rejecting my own felicity, as well as preventing his.

Adieu,—I am called,—Charles has juſt received a packet of letters,—one from Mrs. Danby—heaven grant it may be agreeable to our wiſhes.—My aunt's transformation ſhall be mentioned with becoming reverence in my next, I am impatient to know what my dear Charles has to expect, tell my Lord he may prepare to receive a lecture.

——Le ſage entend a demi mot.——

I need not therefore explain myſelf farther, my compliments to him. In the mean time, nevertheleſs, I am

Yours,

C. STANHOPE.

The end of the ſecond Volume.

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